



Repentance oft is bitter found,
But often with content is crown'd.

At

At last he got safe to the other side, but not till he had swallowed a great deal of water—*Fortitude* then put him into the plain middle road, which, though, at first it appeared to be thorny, grew more pleasant at every step. Here he once more met with *Miss Patient* and *Reason*, whom he resolved never more to leave. The latter told him the stream he had passed, and of which he had drank so deeply, was called the *bitter water of Repentance*; and congratulating him on his

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escape